

**WARNING
IMMANENT
COLLAPSE
UNDER
WEIGHT
OF OWN
ABSURDITY**



02

S P E C U L A T I V E

F I C T I O N S

I S S U E

T W O

2 0 1 5

E I D T

G A R E T H J A C K S O N

www.speculativefictions.weebly.com

C O N T E N T S

01	Robert Meadley	5 4 9 2 6 9 9 1 3	TXT
02	Gareth Jackson	S H E L L	PGE
03	Carter Kaplan	S I G N A L S	TXT
04	Gareth Jackson / Ian Johnson	D I S R U P T O R S	TXT
05	Michael Buttenworth	F I E L D S	TXT
06	Robert Meadley	V I R G I N C O N T I N E N T	TXT
07	Andrew Darlington	H U N T I N G C L E A N	TXT
08	Michael Buttenworth	R O U T	TXT
09	Gareth Jackson	1 0 6 1 0	PGE
10	Gareth Jackson	P R E P A R A T I O N	PGE
11	Gareth Jackson	L A B O R A T O R Y	PGE
12	Chris Pressey	I N T E R P L A N T A T I O N	TXT
13	Robert Meadley	1 9 2	TXT
14	Gareth Jackson	S K Y D R I L L S	PGE
15	Robert Meadley	N O R T H E R N B A R B A R I A N	TXT
16	Gareth Jackson	I M A G I N E	PGE
17	Robert Meadley	5 5 5 4	TXT
18	Andrew Darlington	N I S S A N A B O L I S H S U R R E A L I S M	TXT
19	Gareth Jackson	T H E R E D K I N G	PGE
20	Ghislaine	I M E D I C A M E N T S	TXT
21	Gareth Jackson	P O T R O	PGE
22	Gareth Jackson	B A U B L E	PGE
23	Michael Buttenworth	B U D D H A F I E L D	TXT
24	Gareth Jackson	A N N A	PGE
25	Robert Meadley	D I A C H R O N I C	TXT
26	Gareth Jackson	E A L G H E A I B E I L	PGE
27	Gareth Jackson	T R U T H	PGE



5 4 9 2 6 9 9 1 3

what do you think you're looking at?

what are you looking at?

are you looking or thinking?

o r b o t h ?

o r n e i t h e r ?

5 6 0 8 6 2 2 9 2 1 0

SIGNALS

Set Up

Carefully remove radio telescope and spacecraft pieces along perforations.

Unfold board and place on floor.

Players arrange pieces in random pattern.

Remove timing weasel from security canister.

Following set up, players signal: "We cannot leave and not leave you behind."

Rules

Radio telescopes move during back channel chatter.

Spacecraft remain in place on board.

No talking or photography during transmission.

Players signal: "If we leave, you will remain."

Position

All players: hands on head.

Direct the movements of your nearest neighbors.

Players signal: "You are part of this, the part that will remain."

Radio telescopes detect spacecraft entering warp.

Options

Spacecraft may not move during option intervals.

Timing Weasel set to "one" or "seven".

Players signal: "Will I miss you?"

Continue play as normal.

Scoring

All scores are ranked as either a transmission or a transmission failure.

Spacecraft that slide, turn or rock but do not warp are counted as misses.

Common symbols for scoring are "X" for transmission and "O" for miss.

All awards distributed after conclusion of play.

Awards

Silhouette Space Telescope Qualification Patch

Skill Rockers

Blue/Burgundy Certificate

Medals and Medal Bar

Skill Level Pins



D I S R U P T O R S

'Art means nothing to the disruptors'

- - - but what if the artists

A R E

d i s r u p t o r s

?

>

>

>

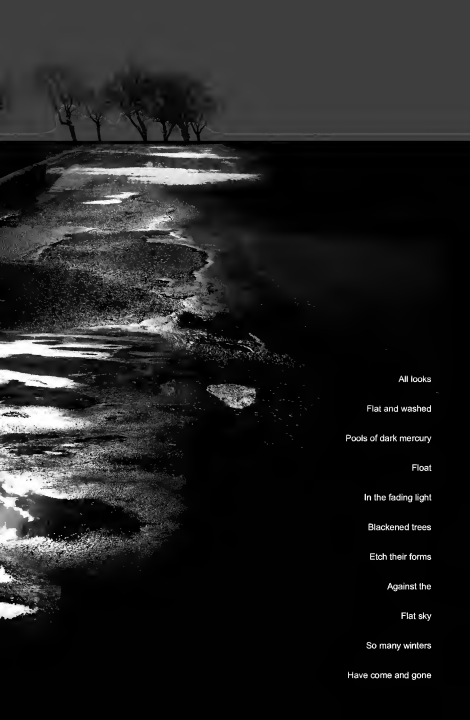
s e t

D I S R U P T O R S

t o

A R T





All looks

Flat and washed

Pools of dark mercury

Float

In the fading light

Blackened trees

Etch their forms

Against the

Flat sky

So many winters

Have come and gone




it was a virgin continent

it was not unpopulated, but it appeared empty
it had no roads / although there were routes from place to place.
it had no cities / although there were rumours
of magnificent and mysterious ruins
nothing was fixed / except of course / the features of the landscape /
and even they were secretly in movement /
things of fantasy and rumour / shifting their relative positions
as each inadequate map re-drew them

H U N T I N G
C L E A N

G U L L S
b a r k i n g

At cities end logic ceases,
casting off scales, altering states,
frogs, larvae, dragonflies, transmute
and we remain
sat on kerbside in filth
and even the admen stole our words
and turned them empty
Then you're gone
and I'm hunting up the embankment
thru the thruway and across the island,
head shrieking red eyes scratching
at cars, drains, fluorescents, hoardings,
and on the waste-ground
you lie but GOLDEN
and as I touch, you crumble
into gossamer and flakes hung
on air, melting translucent
and nothing but husks or shell
bleeding into light,
innards gone, inside only emptiness,
and through the manic rage of tears
come thoughts of
frogs, larvae, dragonflies, lizard scales
casting off old skins, altering states
and I hear gulls barking
and understand
suddenly I'm laughing
and shot through with
L I V I N G
From my fingers
t h e
d a r k n e s s
l e a k s



in the echoing streets
the car without a
silencer
dopplers into muteness

quiet voices
murmuring
from the
adjacent balconies

... .. BLUE ALERT

... .. BLUE ALERT

... .. BLUE ALERT

T H E
D O D O S
H A V E
B E E N
G U L L E D
A G A I N

- - -

L E E C H
T H E
V A M P I R E S

> IN <
MONKEYLAND
F A I L U R E
I S
T H E
O N L Y
M O R A L
C H O I C E

PREPARATION

>

I

ADVISE

YOU

TEACH

YOUR

CHILD

TO

LIKE

THE

TASTE

OF

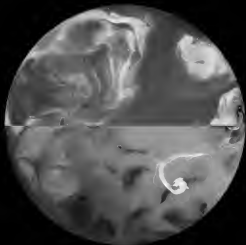
LONG

PIG



After Mrs. Murphy got over the shock of finding that a vessel had made an emergency landing in the rose garden, she felt sorry for the green-skinned travelers, and invited them in for a cup of coffee

Three years later? Entire planet's one big coffee plantation



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1 9 2

P U T T I N G

L E A D

B O O T S

> O N <

F E A T H E R S

v

v

v

v

v

?

S K Y D R I L L S

> A S <

W E

D R I L L E D

I N T O

T H E

S K Y

A

A

A

A

A

A

T H E

V A L L E Y S

F I L L E D

W I T H

T H E

D U S T

> O F <

C L O U D S

DILDOS OF DEATH

The story so far: After TTIP had siphoned the last dregs of credible wealth out of the Ponzi scheme known as 'The Economy', and the constant whining of aspirational lickspittles and toadeaters had peaked in a predictable crescendo of shrieks and squeals that slowly dwindled to an impoverished and helpless sobbing, small bands of abject Southerners began the fearful trudge to the Carnivorous North in the desperate hope of an uncertain salvation...

Chapter 3

FANGS OF THE NAGGING WIFE

The roads were choked with abandoned cars.

They had nothing to eat but sun-dried pensioners, nothing to drink but their own urine. Not long ago they had drunk their fill of fizzy syrup, fruit juice and champagne. Now they dreamed of northern water. The sources of northern wealth had been coal, iron and water. The coal and iron had gone, but there was still ample water.

Beyond Grantham the roads became desolately empty. On the motorway they found a message on a road sign facing south. It said: JUST GO HOME AND DIE.

"Is it true," asked little Letitia tearfully, "that Northerners are cannibals?"

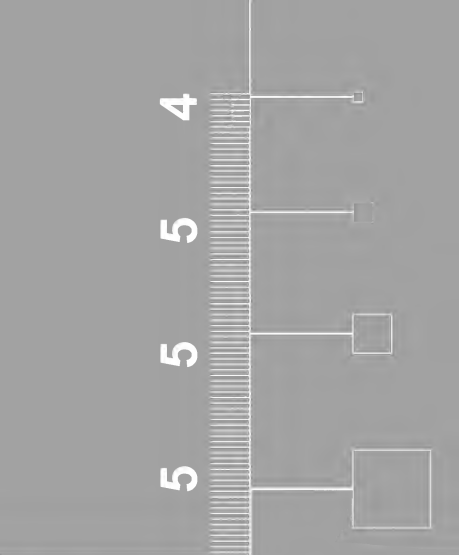
"Yes, dear," said her mother. "They eat babies minced with poo pickled in acid. They make knives out of dolls houses, and they worship a Huge Black Dog called the Blood Ghost."

Letitia sighed.

"It must be nice to be Northerner," she said.



IMAGINE
AN
OBJECT
OF
INCONCEIVABLE
BEAUTY



why do you need what you think you need?

if you think more, do you need less?

is there a ratio between thinking and needing?

NISSAN ABOLISH SURREALISM

'LA DRAPEAU NOIR'

night stillness
r-e-v-e-r-b-e-r-a-t-e-s

tyre-tread touches tarmac
t-r-e-m-b-l-i-n-g,
slow - spinwheeling - smooth

tiny lips stroke asphalt's
slight imperfections,
patterned serrations
accept small particle
impalement

splinters of light
strobe f-a-s-t-e-r

s-p-e-e-d
accelerating

M-way receives my weight,
returns its caress

tongues extend from tread
to s-t-r-o-k-e
the velocity climb
thru gear-shift relocations

aroma of tyre
and exhaust interact

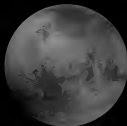
flesh-pale amber undulates
bodywork and the fish-tailing
sinew

between
lanes

aerodynamics contour the
complex flow-lines of
the slide into air

inside,
the stillness
still
r-e-v-e-r-b-e-r-a-t-i-n-g





put a torch to the world
just to see it burn

the red king hangs in the sky
so near that he might hurt us
and blind us with his bloody hands
to cut the throats of neighbours

under the red king burning

the red king paints the world in red
he drains the ink of children
who fall beneath his bloody eye
in dismembered termination

under the red king burning

the red king gives the blood horns call
to wake the wolves within us
and hollows at the base of man
now filled up with murder

under the red king burning

his rockets red glare ignites
it stills the breath of millions
above the air becomes as fire
below empires in ashes

u
n
d
e
r

the
red king

b
u
r
n
i
n
g

minicomputer

m i s e n

r b u y

q u a l i t y

i m e d i c a m e n t s

t o d a y

r e p e t i t i o n s

P O T R O

In bed I dreamed that there was a little
peephole in the bedroom wall >

When I investigated it I found a Potro hiding
in the wall cavity spying on me emitting a
high pitched sibilant giggle its genital
tentacles writhing and slapping wetly
against the plaster in excitement >

I fed it with milk and it seemed happy



BUDDHAFIELD

in four days
the pop-up world
is complete
the tents
spring together
like colourful
landing craft

the children
blow bubbles
g i a n t
unstable globes
that flex
in the air
before crashing

after the rain
the sound of diesel
rises and falls
on the air

A N K A

t h e r e i s
n o t h i n g
h e r e f o r h e r
s h e w i l l
n e v e r r e t u r n

t h e
w h i t e q u e e n
w a i t s
f o r h e r
m a r r i a g e
> t o <
t h e
r e d k i n g





in the college
at the
e
n
d
of
time

they already
find our guessing games
amusing

FXVLR

Q	/	J
W	/	G
E	/	L
R	/	D
T	/	U
Y	/	O
V	/	B
I	/	N
O	/	X
P	/	M
A	/	E
S	/	W
D	/	V
F	/	K
G	/	I
H	/	Q
J	/	Y
K	/	P
L	/	H
Z	/	S
X	/	R
Q	/	F
V	/	N
B	/	T
N	/	A
M	/	C

CLWEL
 UONW
 DLEV
 UX
 XDVL
 NA
 HEAIBED
 ALG
 E
 HLEDANAI
 OXB
 GXDUG
 DLEHNO
 NU
 NW



T H E R E
I S
N O
F I N A L
T R U T H
A T
T H E
E N D
O F T H E
R A I N B O W